



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

PROCEED...your race of glory run,  
Your virtuous toils endure:  
You come, commission'd from on high,  
And your reward is sure.

*The ladies of Paris having adopted the fashion of wearing their watches in their bosoms, has produced the following neat lines.*

AURAIT on choisi cette place  
Pour se garantir des filoux ?  
Mais elle accroitra leur audace,  
Et leur mettier sera plus doux.  
Mes amis, moi mem' : je tremble,  
Et ne repose, plus de ma main,  
Mettre tant de trésors ensemble,  
C'est nous provoquer au larcin.

## EPITAPH.

M. D. born June 3d....died Sep. 16, 1803.  
SHORT was thy day, sweet babe—but  
this will give  
A longer space of heav'nly life to live.  
Yet, with delight, you drew your balmy  
breath,  
And the first pain you seem'd to feel was—  
death.  
Nor death itself could violate thy face,  
It's pleas'd expression, and it's placid  
grace.  
I, now commit thee to a mother's breast,  
Where thou shalt sleep, and wake—to be  
more blest.  
New beams of meaning kindle in thine  
eyes,  
And a new world excite their glad sur-  
prise.  
Soon, by your side, shall rise a rustic  
tomb,  
And the turf heave to give a parent room.  
Enough to consecrate this humble bier,  
Thy infant innocence—his gushing tear.

## In Memory

Of ADAIR CRAWFORD, M.D, F.R.S.  
a man of great virtue, and intellectual  
worth.  
He had a heart always devoted  
To the practice of moral duty;  
And an understanding always intent  
On the discovery of useful truth.  
He possessed that patience of research,  
and that boldness of investigation,  
Which are necessary to penetrate into the  
nature of things;  
And he united to these qualities,

An unaffected purity of manners,  
That sanctify'd the man  
And adorned the philosopher;  
Imitating the sublime simplicity of that  
nature he delighted to explore.

Various and comprehensive knowledge,  
Was in him wisely applied  
To the analysis of the elements,  
To the explanation of the most important  
animal functions,  
And to the cure or mitigation of diseases.  
With the diffidence of true philosophy,  
With the gentleness of real christianity,  
The candour of his countenance  
Spoke the truth before it was articulated  
from his lips;  
And the latent fire of his generous spirit,  
Broke forth at the approach of tyranny,  
vice, or irreligion.

His death may be deemed premature:  
Yet he lived to enlarge the limits of human  
knowledge,  
And to complete the circle of social duty:  
An obedient son,  
An affectionate brother,  
An endearing husband,  
A fond father,  
An independent citizen  
and a steady friend.  
He was born at \* \* \* \* in Ireland,  
in the year 17...  
and died in London,  
in the year 17...

\* The foregoing inscription was proposed  
for a monument of Dr. Crawford, to be  
erected under the patronage of the late  
Marquis of Lansdowne, a design, like many  
promises of the kind, never realized  
by performance. Gilbert Wakefield gave  
a far better inscription.

## \* A PASTORAL.

BENEATH the umbrageous shadow of  
a shade,  
Where glowing foliage on the surface  
play'd,  
And golden roses fan'd the silver breeze,

\* This much admired poem, which is  
justly suspected of having long served as  
a model for numerous poetical effusions;  
being now very scarce, is reprinted for the  
use of our juvenile poets, at the request  
of a learned friend.